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SOME BALLAD VARIANTS AND SONGS

BY ARTHUR BEATTY

OF the following ballads and songs, No. I is a variant of No. 84 in Child's "English and Scottish Popular Ballads," No. II is a variant of Child's No. 53, and No. III is a variant of Child's No. 4. Nos. IV and V are Kentucky popular songs. No. VIII is a fragment, while Nos. VI and VII are the work of a travelling minstrel.

Nos. I, II, IV-VIII were secured by Mr. Legare L. Oeland. I, II, IV, V, and VIII were taken down in Kentucky from oral recitation by Miss Cora Hylton of Cody, Knott County, Kentucky. Nos. VI and VII are from printed leaflets.

No. III was taken down from oral recitation, by Miss Ellen Hammond, at Westfield, Wisconsin.

I

BARBRA ALLEN

'T was all in the merry month of May,
And the green buds they were swellin',
Young Jimmy Grew on his death bed lay
For the love of Barbra Allen.

He sent his servants to the town
To the place where she was dwellin';
Say master's sick and sends for you
If your name be Barbra Allen.

So slowly she got up
And slowly she drew nigh him,
And all she said when she got there,
"Young man, I think you're dyin'."

"O yes, O yes, I'm very sick,
Death is upon me dwellin'.
No better, better shall I be
If I don't get Barbra Allen."

"Don't you remember the other day
When you were in town a drinkin',
You drank a health to the ladies all around,
And slighted Barbra Allen."

"O yes, I remember the other day
When I were in town a drinkin';
I drank a health to the ladies all,
But my love to Barbra Allen."

He turned his pale face to the wall,
 She turned her back upon him,
 "Adieu, adieu to my friends all around,
 Adieu to Barbra Allen."

When she got about a mile o' home
 She heard the death bells knelling,
 And every time they seemed to say,
 "Hard-hearted Barbra Allen."

She looked to the east, she looked to the west,
 She saw the corpse a comin',
 Says, "Lay (lay) down, lay down this young man
 That I may look upon him!"

The longer she looked the worse she felt;
 She fell to the ground a cryin',
 Saying, "If I'd done my duty to-day
 I'd a saved this man from dyin'."

"O mother, mother make my bed,
 And make it long and narrow;
 Young Jimmy died for me to-day,
 I'll die for him to-morrow."

They buried her in the old church yard,
 And buried him a-nigh her;
 And out of her grave grew a red, red rose,
 And out of his a brier.

They grew till they reached the high church tower,
 They could not grow any higher,
 And there they tied in a true love's knot,
 The red rose and the brier.

II

THE TURKISH LADY, OR LORD BAITMAN

There was a man who lived in England
 Who was of some high degree,
 He became uneasy and discontented,
 Some foreign land, some land to see.

He sailed east, and he sailed westward,
 He sailed all o'er the Turkish shore,
 Till he was captured and put in prison,
 Never to be released any more.

The Turkey had but one lone daughter
 Who was of some high degree;

She stole the keys from the father's dwelling
And declared Lord Baitman she would free.

She led him down to the lower cellar,
And drew him a drink of the strangest wine,
Saying "every moment seems like an hour,
Oh Lord Baitman, if you were mine."

"Let's make a vow, let's make a promise,
Let's make a vow, let's make it stand,
I vow I'll marry no other woman,
If you'll vow you'll marry no other man."

They made a vow, they made a promise,
They made a vow, they made it stand.
He vowed he'd marry no other woman,
She vowed she'd marry no other man.

Seven long years have rolled around,
It seemed as if it were twenty-nine.
She bundled up her finest clothing,
And declared Lord Baitman she'd go find.

She went till she came to the gate she tingled,
Was so loud but she would n't go in.
Saying "is this Lord Baitman's palace,
Is it he who has taken a new bride in?"

"Go remember him by the piexceal bread,
Go remember him by the glass of wine,
Go remember him by the Turkish lady,
Who freed him from those cold iron bands."

He stamped his foot upon the floor,
The table he burst into pieces three,
Saying "I'll forsake both land and dwelling
For the Turkish lady who set me free."

III

LADY ISABEL AND THE ELF-KNIGHT

The lord one night was standing by,
And unto his rich castle came
A-courting his daughter so pretty and fair,
But no one knew his name, name, name.

He followed her high and he followed her low,
And he followed her into her room,
She had no power to bid him go,
No power to bid him come, come, come.

"Go steal for me your father's gold,
Likewise your mother's fee,
And the best span of horses that is in your father's barn,
All there stand thirty and three, three, three."

She stole for him her father's gold,
Likewise her mother's fee,
And the best span of horses that was in her father's barn,
All there stand thirty and three, three, three.

She mounted upon her milk-white steed,
And he on the iron-gray;
They rode till they came to the brink of the sea.
O long, long before day, day, day.

"'Light off, 'light off, my pretty, fair maid,
'Light off, I say unto thee;
For six kings' daughters I have drowned here,
And you the seventh shall be, be, be."

She turned herself all round and round,
And viewed the leaves on tree.
"O think what a sin and a very great shame
For to drown a maid like me, me, me."

He turned himself all round and round,
And viewed the leaves on the tree,
She took him by his waist so small,
And plunged him into the sea, sea, sea.

"Lie there, lie there, you false-hearted knight,
Lie there, I say unto thee,
For if six kings' daughters you have drowned here,
Why you the seventh shall be, be, be."

She mounted upon her milk-white steed,
And led the iron-gray,
She rode till she came to her own father's door,
O long, long before day, day, day.

The first that she saw was her own father dear,
From his chamber-window so high,
Saying, "What is the matter with my pretty Polly,
That she's out so long before day, day, day?"

"The old cat came to my cage door,
And she frightened me so, as you see,
I was only a-calling on my pretty Polly,
For to call the old cat away, way, way."

IV

THE EAST KENTUCKY HILLS ¹

Oh the East Kentucky Hills,
How majestic and how grand,
With their summits bathed in glory
Like a Prince of (Manuel's?) land.
Is it any wonder then, that my heart with rapture thrills
As I stand once more with loved ones
On those East Kentucky Hills?

REFRAIN

Oh those hills, beautiful hills!
How I love those East Kentucky Hills!
If o'er sea or land I roam
Still I think of happy home
And my friends among those East Kentucky Hills.

Oh the East Kentucky Hills
Where my childhood days were passed,
Where I often wandered, lonely, and the future tried to cast.
Many were my visions bright,
Which the future ne'er fulfilled;
But how sunny were my day-dreams
On those East Kentucky Hills!

Oh those East Kentucky Hills,
How majestic and how grand,
With their summits pointing skyward
To that Great Almighty Land.
[Rest of stanza missing.]

Oh the East Kentucky Hills,
I must bid you now adieu
In my home beyond the mountains
I shall ever think of you
In the evening time of life
If my Heavenly Father wills
I shall still behold a vision
Of those East Kentucky Hills.

V

THE RETURNING SOLDIER

A neat young lady at work in the garden,
A gay young soldier came riding by.
He stepped up to this neat young lady
And says, "Kind Miss, won't you marry me?"

¹ This I did not learn from mother or father, and I don't doubt that it has been published. — C. H.

"You're not a man of fancy honor,
 You're not the man I was taking you to be,
 Imposing on a neat young lady,
 Saying, 'Kind Miss, won't you marry me?'

"I have a true love in the army,
 He's been gone for seven long years;
 And if he's gone for seven years longer,
 No man on earth can marry me."

"Perhaps he's dead, perhaps he's drowned,
 Perhaps he's on some battlefield slain,
 Perhaps he's stolen some fair girl and married her,
 Perhaps you'll never see him again."

"If he's dead I hope he's happy,
 Or if he's on some battlefield slain,
 Or if he has stolen some fair girl and married her,
 I love that girl for loving him."

He drew his hands all out of his pockets,
 And his fingers both neat and small;
 And the rings that shone upon them,
 Beneath her feet he let them fall.

She picked them up on her little fingers;
 The kisses she gave them was one, two, three,
 Saying, "Is this my little single soldier,
 Returning home to marry me?"

VI

THE MURDER OF MRS. BROUGHTON

Written and composed by C. O. Oaks, Blind Musician, Richmond, Ky.

In Knox county, an awful crime
 Occurred near Barboursville
 By two negroes on Fighting Creek,
 When all was dark and still.
 On Saturday Broughton came home,
 Gave money to his wife,
 Forty dollars he had worked out in the mines;
 That cash cost her her life.

A negress named Annie Henson
 With Mrs. Broughton stayed,
 Gave the alarm soon in the night,
 A false statement she made.
 She said that men unknown to her
 The house had broken in
 Had killed and robbed Mrs. Broughton,
 She lied to hide her sin.

Neighbors found nothing but the blood,
The body they did seek,
They searched in vain till morning dawn,
And found her near the creek.
Some cruel hands had murdered her,
And in the darkness fled,
Her throat was cut from ear to ear,
Almost severing her head.

Bloodhounds were quickly dispatched for,
And soon were on the trail,
Jess Fitzgerald was caught in the mines,
And placed in Barbourville jail.
The negress was arrested, too,
A confession she made,
How she and Fitzgerald had planned the plot,
And parts that each had played.

She said that Fitzgerald was there and left,
Came back in a short time,
She held the victim on the bed,
While he committed the crime.
He took the cash and ran away,
To Artemus fled,
Next day the men came into town;
"We'll lynch them both," they said.

They were taken to Stanford jail,
And kept there for a while,
But were brought back to Barbourville,
And both were placed on trial.
The troops were there with gattling gun,
Guarding court house and jail,
The jury sentenced Fitzgerald to hang;
Now let justice prevail.

He said he forced Annie to help,
He soon his God must meet;
She got fifteen years in the pen,
They could not justice cheat.
Poor woman will sleep on in the tomb,
Until life's toils are done,
Then her murderers will be avenged
By the Immortal One.

VII

THE SOUTHERN RAILROAD WRECK, WHICH OCCURRED NEAR NEW MARKET,
TENN., SEPT., 1904

Written and composed by Charles O. Oaks.

One Autumn morn in Tennessee
 An awful wreck was heard,
 East of Knoxville, and near New Market,
 Was where the crash occurred;
 The East and West bound passenger trains
 Were running at high speed,
 They struck each other on a curve,
 'T was a horrible sight indeed.
 The engine crew on the West bound train
 Their orders had misread;
 About one hundred and fifty were hurt,
 And near seventy are dead.
 The passengers were riding along,
 And chatting the time away,
 Reading and smoking, and laughing and talking,
 And all seemed bright and gay.

CHORUS

The people were excited,
 They wept aloud and said:
 My God, there's a wreck on the railroad
 And many we fear are dead.
 Oh how much of sadness,
 Oh how many pains.
 Many sad hearts are aching
 For friends on the ill fated trains.

But in a moment the scene was changed
 To one of sad despair;
 For shrieks of dying men and women
 And children filled the air.
 The track was strewn with dead and dying,
 'T was an awful sight that day.
 The engine crews were buried alive,
 Without even time to pray.
 A little girl with her head mashed,
 Called "Mamma" each dying breath,
 Her parents lay not far away,
 But they are still in death.
 One lady, a sharp piece of wood
 Her body had pierced through,
 Her little babe lay in her arms,
 But death soon claimed it too. — CHORUS.

One dying woman prayed to live,
 Just for her children dear;

A headless woman's body lay there,
Her head was lying near.
Nurses and doctors soon arrived
From Knoxville on a train;
And they all labored very hard
To save life and ease pain.
People in Knoxville rushed to the depot,
More news to ascertain;
For many had relatives and friends
Aboard each fatal train.
Little could they learn till four o'clock,
A train pulled in that day
With seventy who were badly hurt,
Six dying on the way. — CHORUS.

Excitement was not over then,
For people were filled with dread;
Till eight o'clock, a train pulled in,
Bearing forty-two dead.
And many who kissed their friends farewell
Before they went away,
Soon were brought back to them in death
With lips as cold as clay.
The next day was the Sabbath day,
And many were laid to rest,
We trust they were on the Lord's side,
And now are with the blest.
And when we board a railroad train,
It's little do we know;
That we may meet the same sad fate,
And into eternity go. — CHORUS.

VIII

I went up on the mountain
And I gave my horn a blow;
And I thought I heard my true love say,
Yonder comes my beau.

A verse of a song which a young Berea student used to hear often at his home in Owsley County.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN, MADISON, WIS.